LOGAN'S RUN
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AN OFFICIAL ADAPTATION OF THE MGM PRODUCTION
SPECTACULAR 1ST ISSUE!
LOGAN'S RUN™
WELCOME TO THE FUTURE-- WHERE LIFE IS GREAT-- AND THERE'S ONLY ONE SMALL CATCH--
PEREZ & MILGROM
LOGAN! THEY'RE OUT TO KILL US!
RUN, JESSICA, RUN!
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Stan Lee PRESENTS
LOGAN'S RUN!
BEGINNING: A JOURNEY INTO THE WORLD OF THE TWENTY-THIRD CENTURY, WHERE LIFE IS PURE PERFECTION (BUT THERE'S JUST ONE CATCH...)!
PART ONE
GERRY CONWAY * GEORGE PEREZ
WRITER/EDITOR ARTIST
KLAUS JANSON INKER
JOE ROSEN, LETTERER / MARIE SEVY, COLORIST
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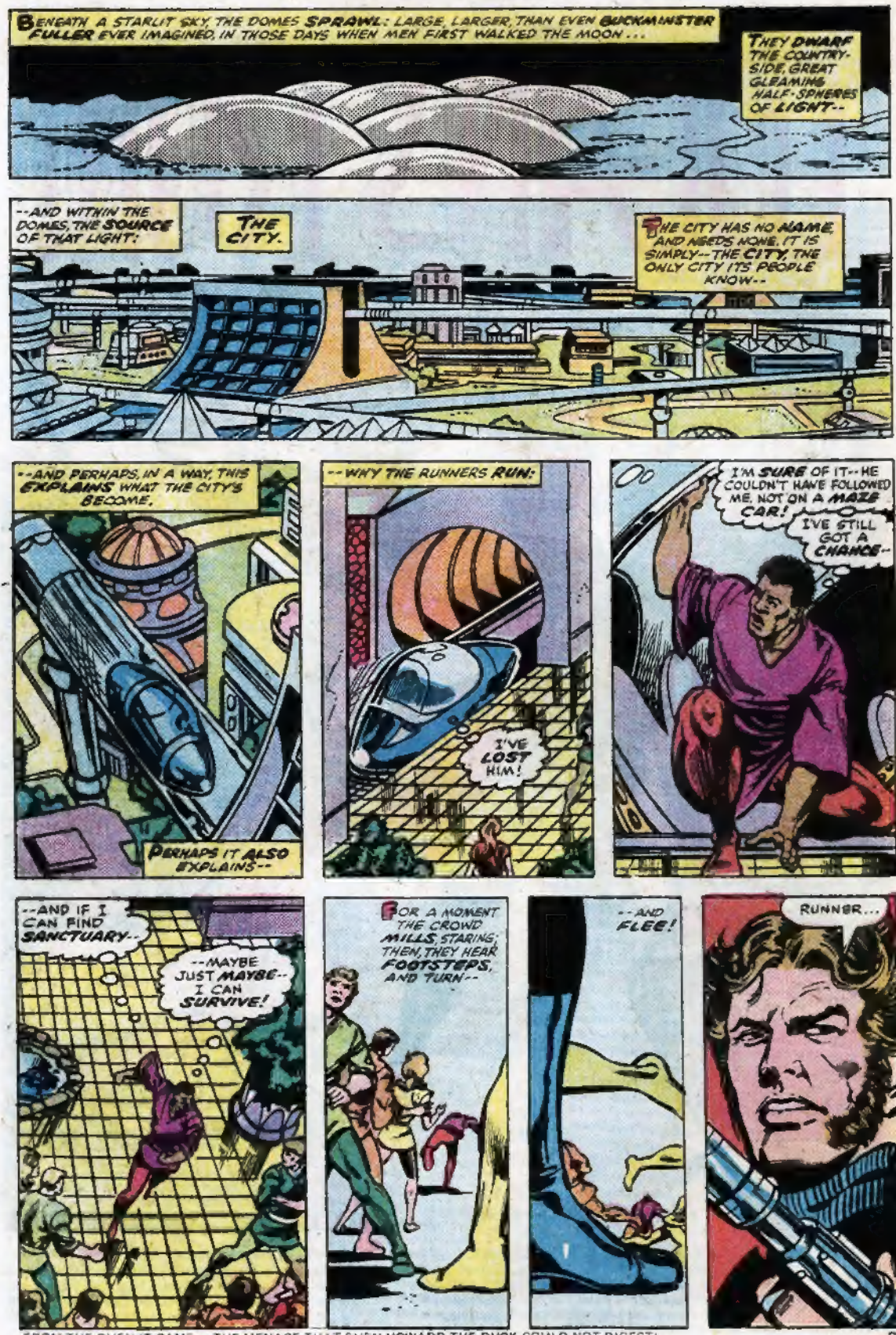
BENEATH A STARLIT SKY, THE DOMES SPRAWL: LARGE, LARGER, THAN EVEN BUCKMINSTER FULLER EVER IMAGINED, IN THOSE DAYS WHEN MEN FIRST WALKED THE MOON ...
THEY DWARF THE COUNTRY-SIDE, GREAT GLEAMING HALF-SPHERES OF LIGHT--
--AND WITHIN THE DOMES, THE SOURCE OF THAT LIGHT:
THE CITY.
THE CITY HAS NO NAME, AND NEEDS NONE. IT IS SIMPLY--THE CITY, THE ONLY CITY ITS PEOPLE KNOW--
--AND PERHAPS, IN A WAY, THIS EXPLAINS WHAT THE CITY'S BECOME.
PERHAPS IT ALSO EXPLAINS--
--WHY THE RUNNERS RUN:
I'VE LOST HIM!
I'M SURE OF IT--HE COULDN'T HAVE FOLLOWED ME, NOT ON A MAZE CAR!
I'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE--
--AND IF I CAN FIND SANCTUARY--
--MAYBE JUST MAYBE--I CAN SURVIVE!
FOR A MOMENT THE CROWD MILLS, STARING; THEN, THEY HEAR FOOTSTEPS, AND TURN--
--AND FLEE!
RUNNER...

RUNNER!
THAT'S AS FAR AS YOU GO!
AND THE RUNNER SPINS, HIS MOUTH OPEN AND SPEECHLESS, HIS EYES GLAZED WITH FEAR, SEARCHING FOR A WAY OUT--
--FINDING JUST A DEAD END:
SANDMAN--
PLEASE--DON'T--
ZZRAKK
AAAAA
THE CROWD MILLS.
A FEW GRIN.
NICE SHOOTING, SANDMAN!
STUPID RUNNER.
THE SANDMAN SAYS NOTHING. HE STEPS FORWARD, LOOKING FOR SOMETHING ALMOST HIDDEN IN THE FOUNTAIN'S FROTHING WATER.
HE FINDS IT, THEN, IN THE RIGHT PALM OF THE MAN HE'S JUST KILLED:
AND, SEEING IT, THE SANDMAN SMILES.

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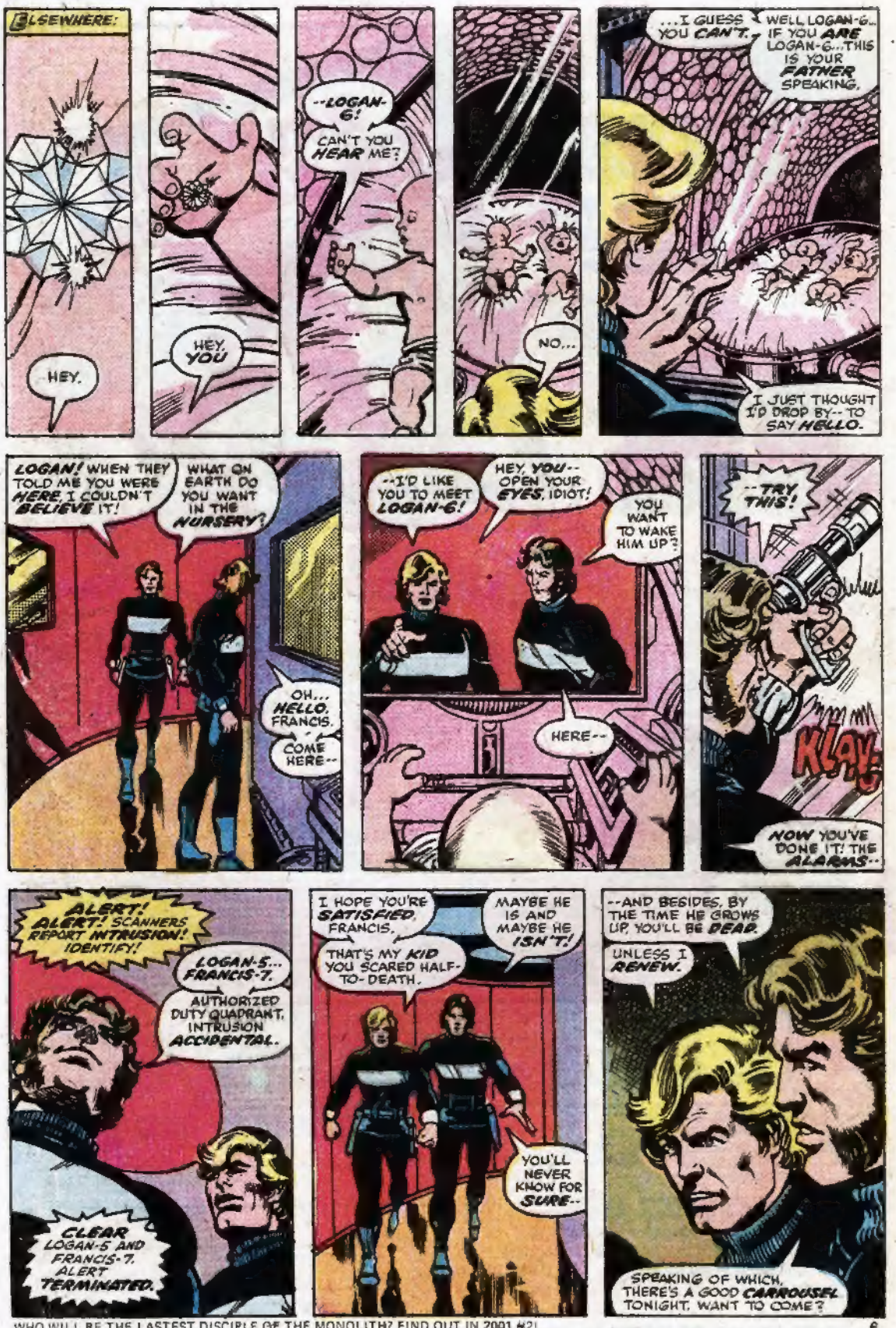
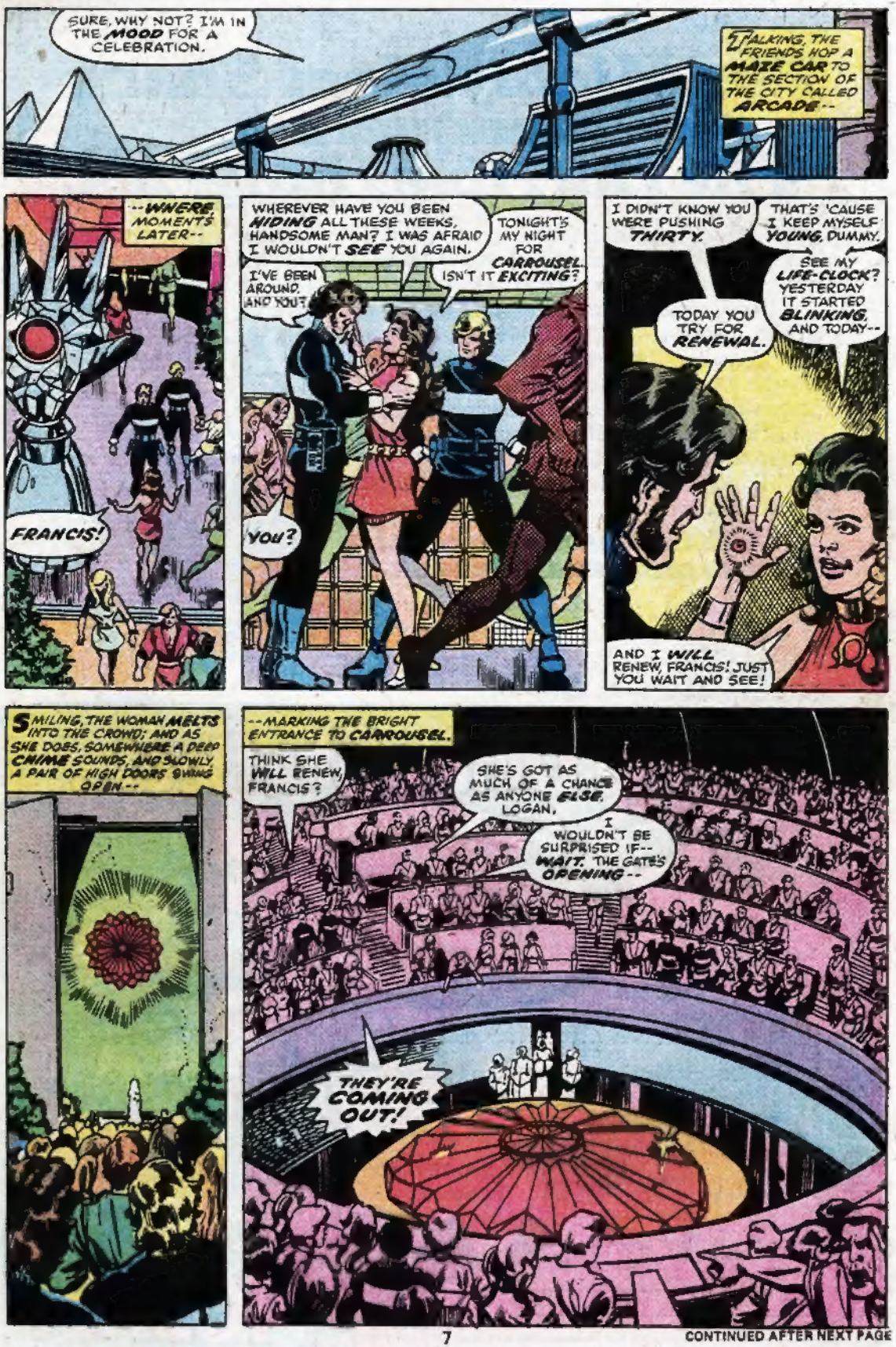

ELSEWHERE:
HEY.
HEY, YOU
--LOGAN-6!
CAN'T YOU HEAR ME?
NO...
...I GUESS YOU CAN'T.
WELL LOGAN-6... IF YOU ARE LOGAN-6...THIS IS YOUR FATHER SPEAKING.
I JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP BY-- TO SAY HELLO.
LOGAN! WHEN THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE HERE, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT!
WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU WANT IN THE NURSERY?
OH... HELLO, FRANCIS.
COME HERE--
--I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET LOGAN-6!
HEY, YOU-- OPEN YOUR EYES, IDIOT!
YOU WANT TO WAKE HIM UP?
HERE--
--TRY THIS!
KLAK!
NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! THE ALARMS--
ALERT! ALERT! SCANNERS REPORT INTRUSION! IDENTIFY!
LOGAN-5... FRANCIS-7.
AUTHORIZED DUTY QUADRANT, INTRUSION ACCIDENTAL.
CLEAR LOGAN-5 AND FRANCIS-7. ALERT TERMINATED.
I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED, FRANCIS.
MAYBE HE IS AND MAYBE HE ISN'T!
THAT'S MY KID YOU SCARED HALF-TO-DEATH.
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW FOR SURE--
--AND BESIDES, BY THE TIME HE GROWS UP, YOU'LL BE DEAD.
UNLESS I RENEW.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, THERE'S A GOOD CARROUSEL TONIGHT. WANT TO COME?


SURE, WHY NOT? I'M IN THE MOOD FOR A CELEBRATION.
TALKING, THE FRIENDS HOP A MAZE CAR TO THE SECTION OF THE CITY CALLED ARCADE--
--WHERE, MOMENTS LATER--
FRANCIS!
WHEREVER HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING ALL THESE WEEKS, HANDSOME MAN? I WAS AFRAID I WOULDN'T SEE YOU AGAIN.
TONIGHT'S MY NIGHT FOR CARROUSEL. ISN'T IT EXCITING?
I'VE BEEN AROUND. AND YOU?
YOU?
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE PUSHING THIRTY.
THAT'S 'CAUSE I KEEP MYSELF YOUNG, DUMMY.
SEE MY LIFE-CLOCK? YESTERDAY IT STARTED BLINKING, AND TODAY--
TODAY YOU TRY FOR RENEWAL.
AND I WILL RENEW, FRANCIS! JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE!
SMILING, THE WOMAN MELTS INTO THE CROWD; AND AS SHE DOES, SOMEWHERE A DEEP CHIME SOUNDS, AND SLOWLY A PAIR OF HIGH DOORS SWING OPEN--
--MARKING THE BRIGHT ENTRANCE TO CARROUSEL.
THINK SHE WILL RENEW, FRANCIS?
SHE'S GOT AS MUCH OF A CHANCE AS ANYONE ELSE, LOGAN.
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF-- WAIT. THE GATES OPENING--
THEY'RE COMING OUT!

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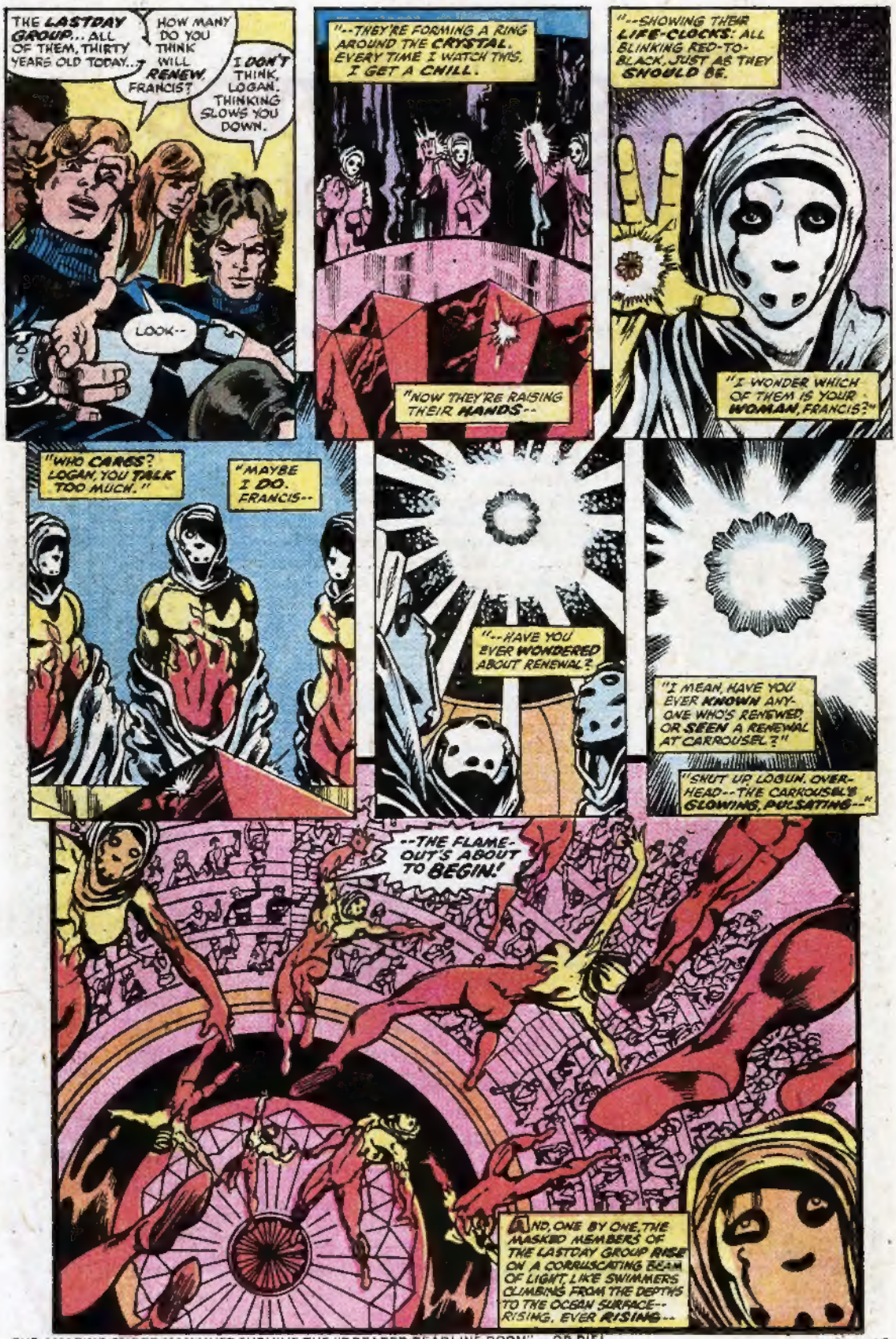
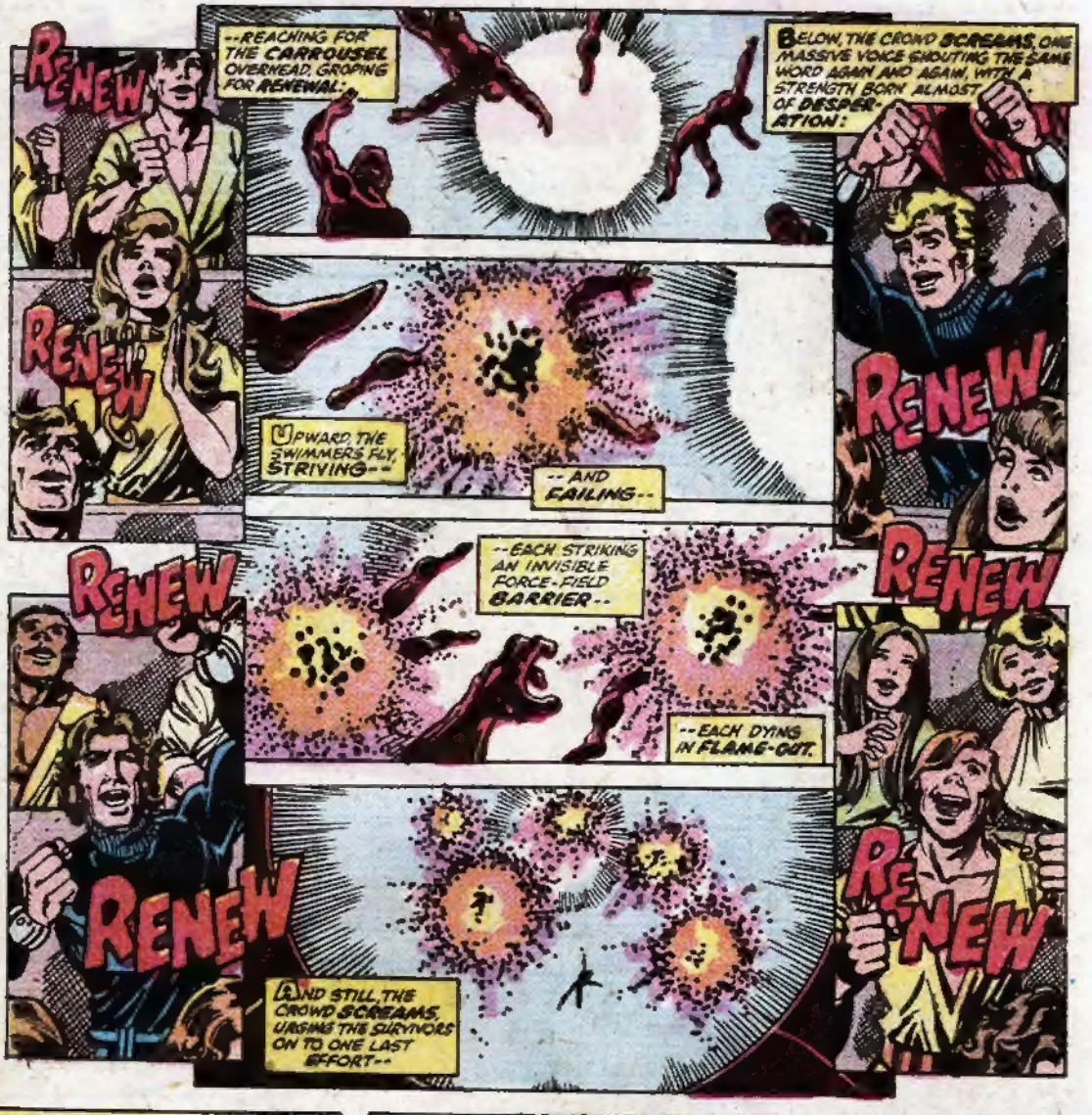
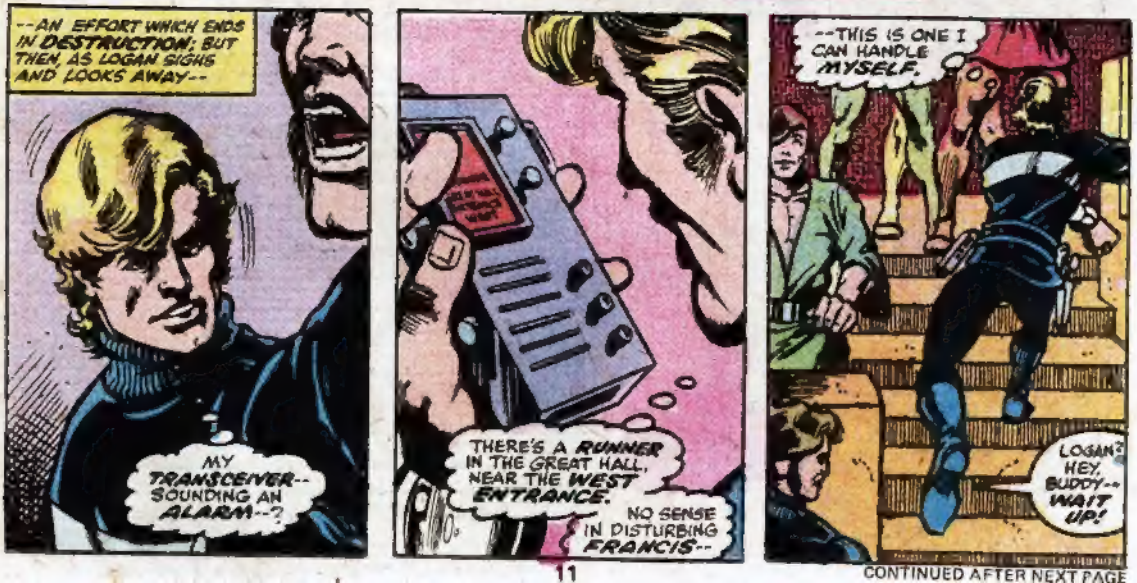

THE LASTDAY GROUP... ALL OF THEM, THIRTY YEARS OLD TODAY...
HOW MANY DO YOU THINK WILL RENEW, FRANCIS?
I DON'T THINK, LOGAN. THINKING SLOWS YOU DOWN.
LOOK--
"--THEY'RE FORMING A RING AROUND THE CRYSTAL. EVERY TIME I WATCH THIS, I GET A CHILL.
"NOW THEY'RE RAISING THEIR HANDS--
"--SHOWING THEIR LIFE-CLOCKS: ALL BLINKING RED-TO-BLACK, JUST AS THEY SHOULD BE.
"I WONDER WHICH OF THEM IS YOUR WOMAN, FRANCIS?"
"WHO CARES? LOGAN, YOU TALK TOO MUCH."
"MAYBE I DO, FRANCIS--
"--HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED ABOUT RENEWAL?
"I MEAN, HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN ANY-ONE WHO'S RENEWED, OR SEEN A RENEWAL AT CARROUSEL?"
"SHUT UP LOGUN. OVER-HEAD--THE CARROUSEL'S GLOWING, PULSATING--"
--THE FLAME-OUT'S ABOUT TO BEGIN!
AND, ONE BY ONE, THE MASKED MEMBERS OF THE LASTDAY GROUP RISE ON A CORRUSCATING BEAM OF LIGHT, LIKE SWIMMERS CLIMBING FROM THE DEPTHS TO THE OCEAN SURFACE--RISING, EVER RISING--


--REACHING FOR THE CARROUSEL OVERHEAD, GROPING FOR RENEWAL--
BELOW, THE CROWD SCREAMS, ONE MASSIVE VOICE SHOUTING THE SAME WORD AGAIN AND AGAIN, WITH A STRENGTH BORN ALMOST OF DESPERATION:
RENEW
UPWARD, THE SWIMMERS FLY, STRIVING--
--AND FAILING--
--EACH STRIKING AN INVISIBLE FORCE-FIELD BARRIER--
--EACH DYING IN FLAME-OUT.
AND STILL, THE CROWD SCREAMS, URGING THE SURVIVORS ON TO ONE LAST EFFORT--


--AN EFFORT WHICH ENDS IN DESTRUCTION; BUT THEN, AS LOGAN SIGHS AND LOOKS AWAY--
MY TRANSCEIVER-- SOUNDING AN ALARM--?
THERE'S A RUNNER IN THE GREAT HALL, NEAR THE WEST ENTRANCE.
NO SENSE IN DISTURBING FRANCIS--
--THIS IS ONE I CAN HANDLE MYSELF.
LOGAN? HEY, BUDDY-- WAIT UP!

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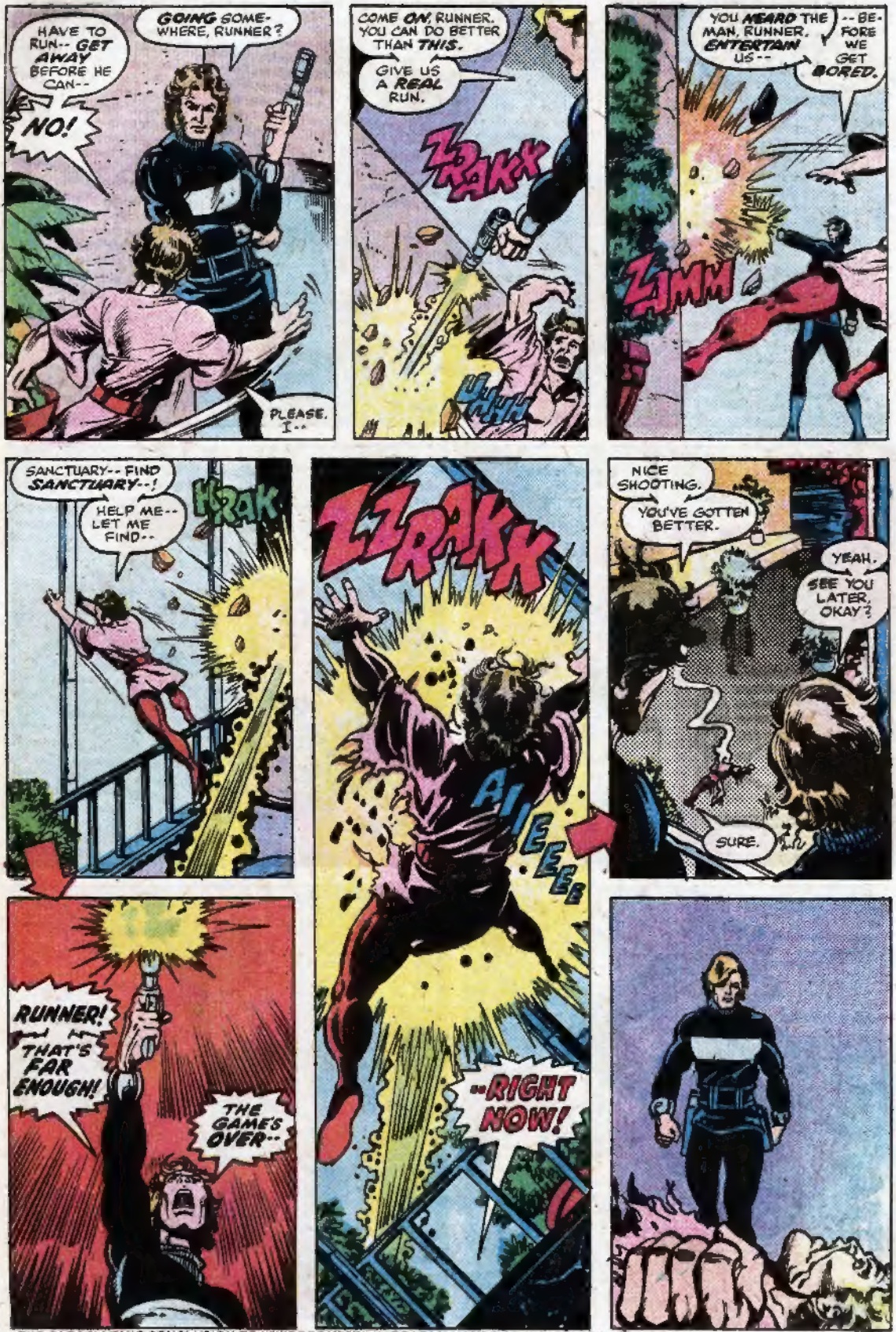
WHY'D YOU RUSH OFF? ALL THAT TALK ABOUT LOGAN-6 MAKE YOU QUEASY?
NOPE. NOTHING LIKE THAT, FRANCIS.
WE'VE GOT A RUNNER--
--AND ACCORDING TO SANDMAN HEAD-QUARTERS, HE'S IN THIS AREA.
WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE PEOPLE RUN, FRANCIS?
BECAUSE THEY'RE AFRAID TO CHANCE RENEWAL, LOGAN. WHY ELSE?
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. STILL, I--
SHSSH. MOVEMENT UP AHEAD, FIRST BALCONY.
RIGHT BEHIND THOSE--
"--PLANTS!"
OH NO--
ZZRAKK
HA! ALL THAT THINKING'S MADE YOU SLOPPY, LOGAN!
A SIMPLE KILLING LIKE THAT-- AND YOU MISSED!
WHO SAYS I MISSED, FRANCIS?
I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE UP FOR A LITTLE CHASE.
OF COURSE, IF YOU'RE TOO TIRED--
BITE YOUR TONGUE, FRIEND.
LET'S MOVE!
I'VE LOST THEM! THEY COULDN'T HAVE FOLLOWED ME UP HERE THIS QUICKLY!
ALL I NEED DO NOW IS--
CHOKE!
HELLO, RUNNER...


HAVE TO RUN-- GET AWAY BEFORE HE CAN--
GOING SOMEWHERE, RUNNER?
NO!
PLEASE, I--
COME ON, RUNNER. YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THIS.
GIVE US A REAL RUN.
ZRAKK
UHHH
YOU MEARD THE MAN, RUNNER. ENTERTAIN US--
--BEFORE WE GET BORED.
ZAMM
SANCTUARY-- FIND SANCTUARY--!
HELP ME-- LET ME FIND--
KRAK
ZZRAKK
AIEEE
--RIGHT NOW!
NICE SHOOTING.
YOU'VE GOTTEN BETTER.
YEAH. SEE YOU LATER, OKAY?
SURE.
RUNNER! THAT'S FAR ENOUGH!
THE GAME'S OVER--

WHY DO THEY RUN? WE ALL HAVE THE SAME SHOT AT RENEWAL. DO THEY JUST WANT SOMETHING BETTER?
WELL PERHAPS FRANCIS IS RIGHT. PERHAPS THINKING DOES SLOW YOU DOWN
LET'S SEE USUAL PERSONAL BELONGINGS--
--ALL EXCEPT THIS.
MUST BE A LUCKY CHARM--FOR ALL THE GOOD IT DID HIM.
RUNNER TERMINATED O. 31.
REQUEST IDENTITY CHECK.
GOOD LUCK CHARMS. RUNNING. ARE THE RUNNERS ALL CRAZY?
IDENTITY CONFIRMED.
CLEAN-UP CRAFT DISPATCHED TO YOUR LOCATION
HUH?
SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE COMPUTER
THAT PICTURE--
IT DOESN'T MATCH THE RUNNER!
AFFIRMATIVE.
RUNNER RECEIVED NEW YOU #483 FACIAL ALTERATION.
IDENTITY CONFIRMED. CLEAN-UP CRAFT DISPATCHED.
"NEW YOU" EH?
PROVIDING A RUNNER WITH A NEW FACE IS ILLEGAL.
I THINK I'LL DROP BY "NEW YOU" #483 TOMORROW FOR SOME QUESTIONING...
UH-OH HERE COMES THE CLEAN-UP. TIME I WAS HEADED HOME.
AS GENTLY AS A VULTURE DRIFTING NEAR IT'S PREY THE CLEAN-UP CRAFT DROPS LOW OVER THE RUNNER'S CORPSE.
MINUTE ADJUSTMENTS CORRECT THE ANGLE AND PITCH OF THE CRAFT BRINGING THE BASE INTO PROPER ALIGNMENT...

AND THEN...
HHHMMMMMMMMM
SHWHOOSH
HOME: FOR SOME, A FEATURELESS CUBICLE. BUT FOR A SANDMAN, ONE OF THE URBAN ELITE--
HOME CAN BE SOMETHING MORE
FRANCIS WOULD TELL ME I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD--
--AND HE MIGHT EVEN BE RIGHT.
IT'S BEEN WEEKS SINCE I CHECKED THE "AVAILABILITY" CIRCUIT--
--AND MAYBE THAT'S WHAT'S BEEN BOTHERING ME LATELY.
KLIK
I NEED SOMEONE HERE. A WOMAN...
IN SECONDS, A DOZEN FACES FLICKER PAST ON THE LIFE-SIZE TRANSPORTER SCREEN. LOGAN SEES THEM ALL, REJECTS THEM EACH, UNTIL--
YOU.
YOU'RE PERFECT.
AUTOMATICALLY, HE KEYS THE MATERIALIZE BUTTON AND THE WOMAN APPEARS. HER FACE A MIXTURE OF CURIOSITY AND FEAR...

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LOGAN'S LETTERS

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

READ THE BOOK! SEE THE MOVIE! EAT THE COMIC!

Or: An Editorial Reminiscence on Runners and Otherwise

The first I ever heard of it was in 1971.

It was at the annual World Science Fiction Convention held that year in Boston; otherwise known as Boscon, for reasons of acronymia. Together with a few other stellar luminaries (such as Len Wein, Marv Wolfman, Steve Englehart), I was representing the comics contingent, an informal group of would-be superstars with absolutely no official standing at the convention, none asked for and none received. After all, it was a convention for science fiction fans, and we were comic book people; we didn't really expect to be touted, feted, and fussed over. And when we weren't, we weren't miffed. Not much.

All that changed when we met George Clayton Johnson.

A few words about this man.

First, he's a screenwriter, a novelist, and the co-author of the book, *Logan's Run*. Second, he's warm and wonderful. Third, he befriended the comics contingent, however briefly, and for this he shall ever be endeared to our hearts. Yea, verily, George Clayton Johnson was a gentleman among people a mite too busy with their own ego-massage, and someday he'll go to heaven, and that's the truth.

Anyway, while we were with him, we learned about *Logan's Run*, a novel he'd written in collaboration with science fiction writer William F. Nolan. The idea in itself was not unusual—a world where everyone *must* die at the age of twenty-one (this is the book, not the movie)—but the character and situation were intriguing. The story had been sold to a producer; it was slated to go into production shortly, and George was very excited, as were we. Wow, a new science fiction film on the heels of *2001*, *Planet of the Apes*, and *Silent Running*! Wow, did this mean that Hollywood had finally seen the light? Were we to be treated to a renaissance of the Science Fiction Film?

Nope.

Unfortunately, it's a by-law of the Filmworld Codebook that not every projected movie is made, or made according to schedule, or made by the people who first conceived it—as a matter of fact, according to the exact wording of the bylaw, in Hollywood *nothing* is certain, even when it's *certain*.

So, for five years, nothing was done with *Logan's Run*.

(The above statement is not exactly true, but as far as you or I are concerned, it's as true as it need be. Are you *really* interested in producer's negotiations, first-second-and-third drafts of screenplays, casting decisions and financing arrangements? You are? My boy, welcome to Hollywood!)

Until...

...the film was made.

For five years, I'd heard nothing (or relatively nothing, excluding a few obscure lines in *Variety* now and then) about *Logan's Run*, until a day a few months ago when Marvel was first told about the film. At that time, Marvel had already completed negotiations with MGM to produce our own version of *2001: A Space Odyssey* (on sale now; free plug), and toward the end of the conversation, MGM's negotiator said, "By the way, there's another movie coming out that might interest you and your readers..."

Needless to say, that movie was *Logan's Run*.

You can imagine my surprise when the project was offered to me; it seemed like kismet, destiny or karma—pick your philosophy. Five years ago, I first heard about *Logan's Run* from its co-author, George Clayton Johnson; and now, this month, almost five years to the day since that far-away September in Boston, we're introducing our own comic art version of the film.

In a way, this is a kind of thank you to George Johnson, for giving comic book people some of his time at a science fiction convention. Wherever you are, GCJ—thanks.

(Sniff. Sigh.)

* * *

BUT--

There's more to this editorial than just a nostalgic writer's reminisces. You're probably wondering what our plans are for LOGAN'S RUN, and how we intend to handle the series after our four-issue adaptation of the movie. Right?

Well, first of all, there are certain questions which require answers (to coin an old phrase).

One: How did the world come to be the way it is in LOGAN'S RUN?

Two: Are there any *other* domes, besides Logan's?

Three: What about the rest of the world?

Four: *Is* there a sanctuary somewhere, after all?

Five: If there are other domes, would their societies have developed along the same lines as the society in Logan's dome—or might they have created something new?

Six: If Logan's been living a life that's a lie (as he puts it)—how is he going to make up for the harm he might have caused?

We've got lots more questions, and lots of ways to answer them, and starting with LOGAN'S RUN #5, that's precisely what we plan to do. Answer them. But some of the answers are going to depend on what sort of things *you'd* like to see; which is why we've got this letters page, to find out what you want, and to learn what you like.

(Which is a not so subtle way of suggesting that you *write* us, friend.)

Of all the new books with which I'm involved (MS. MARVEL, and PETER PARKER included), LOGAN'S RUN is a book particularly interesting to me. In the years since that convention in 1971, I've become a science fiction writer myself, and I've always wanted to see a regular science fiction comic book. LOGAN'S RUN might well be it. I think it has the potential to be a blockbuster, and I hope you'll agree. Your support (or lack of it) will be the determining factor, as it always is. If you've been looking for a science fiction comic, then this is it.

So, let us know what you think, George Perez and I wait your words with bated breath. Til then, watch your life clock, and don't take any wooden ankhs.

G.C.

SAY, DON'T BE FRIGHTENED. I MAY NOT BE THE MOST HANDSOME MAN IN THE CITY-- BUT I'M NO OGRE.
CAN I GET YOU SOME-THING?
A DRINK?
NO...NOTHING.
REALLY, I SHOULDN'T BE HERE...
OH?
YOU SEE A FRIEND OF MINE WENT ON CARROUSEL TONIGHT.
NOW HE'S GONE, AND I THOUGHT-- I FELT SO--
COME ON, WHY SO SAD?
I'M SURE HE RENEWED.
NO--
--HE WAS KILLED. LIKE ALL THE OTHERS
KILLED? WHAT KIND OF WORD IS THAT?
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS. RIGHT?
YOU GO ON CAR-ROUSEL, YOU FLAME-OUT-
--YOU DIE.
WHEN HE DIED, I FELT SO SAD--SO AWFUL--I HAD TO DO SOMETHING-- ANYTHING.
SO I PUT MYSELF ON THE CIRCUIT...
WHY DID YOU SAY-- "KILLED"?
IT'S WHAT YOU DO ISN'T IT?
YOU SANDMEN... KILL...
I NEVER "KILLED" ANYONE IN MY LIFE.
SAND-MEN TERMI-NATE RUNNERS --THAT'S ALL.
I SEE
LOOK, I'M SORRY- THIS IS ALL GOING WRONG. SAD OR NOT, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
JESSICA.
JESSICA, LET'S--
NO.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PAST HAUNTS THE DARK LORD! PRESENT IN TOMB OF DRACULA #52

I TOLD YOU, I MADE A MISTAKE... AND I'VE CHANGED MY MIND.
WHY? BECAUSE I'M A SANDMAN?
LIKE I SAID, JESSICA, I'M NO OGRE.
THEN-- THEN WHY DO YOU KILL RUNNERS?
LOOK: EVERYONE'S GOT THE SAME CHANCE YOU TRY FOR RENEWAL, AND YOU TRY AS HARD AS YOU CAN.
OTHERWISE, WHEN THIS TURNS BLACK--
IT'S OVER.
OVER JUST LIKE THAT?
JUST LIKE THAT.
THE CITY NEEDS A BALANCED ECOLOGY-- A STEADY POPULATION.
OF COURSE--
--IF YOU'RE A MISFIT, A RUNNER, SOMEONE WHO WANTS MORE THAN A FAIR CHANCE--
--THAT'S WHERE I COME IN
MIND SHOWING ME YOUR HAND.?
GREEN.
WHEN DO YOU GO RED?
NEXT YEAR.
THEN YOU'RE NOT EVEN TWENTY-ONE!
WHY WORRY ABOUT TURNING THIRTY?
I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT ME, SANDMAN.
UH-HUH
JESSICA, I AM SORRY
GO HOME. RELAX--
--AND MAYBE, SOMETIME, COME BACK.
MAYBE I WILL, SANDMAN... SOMETIME.
I MUST BE MORE TIRED THAN I THOUGHT...
...TAKING MY PROBLEMS OUT ON A GIRL.
STRANGE. THAT MEDAL SHE WORE...
WHERE COULD SHE HAVE--
HEY, LOGAN--
EH? FRANCIS?
--LOOK WHAT I FOUND!

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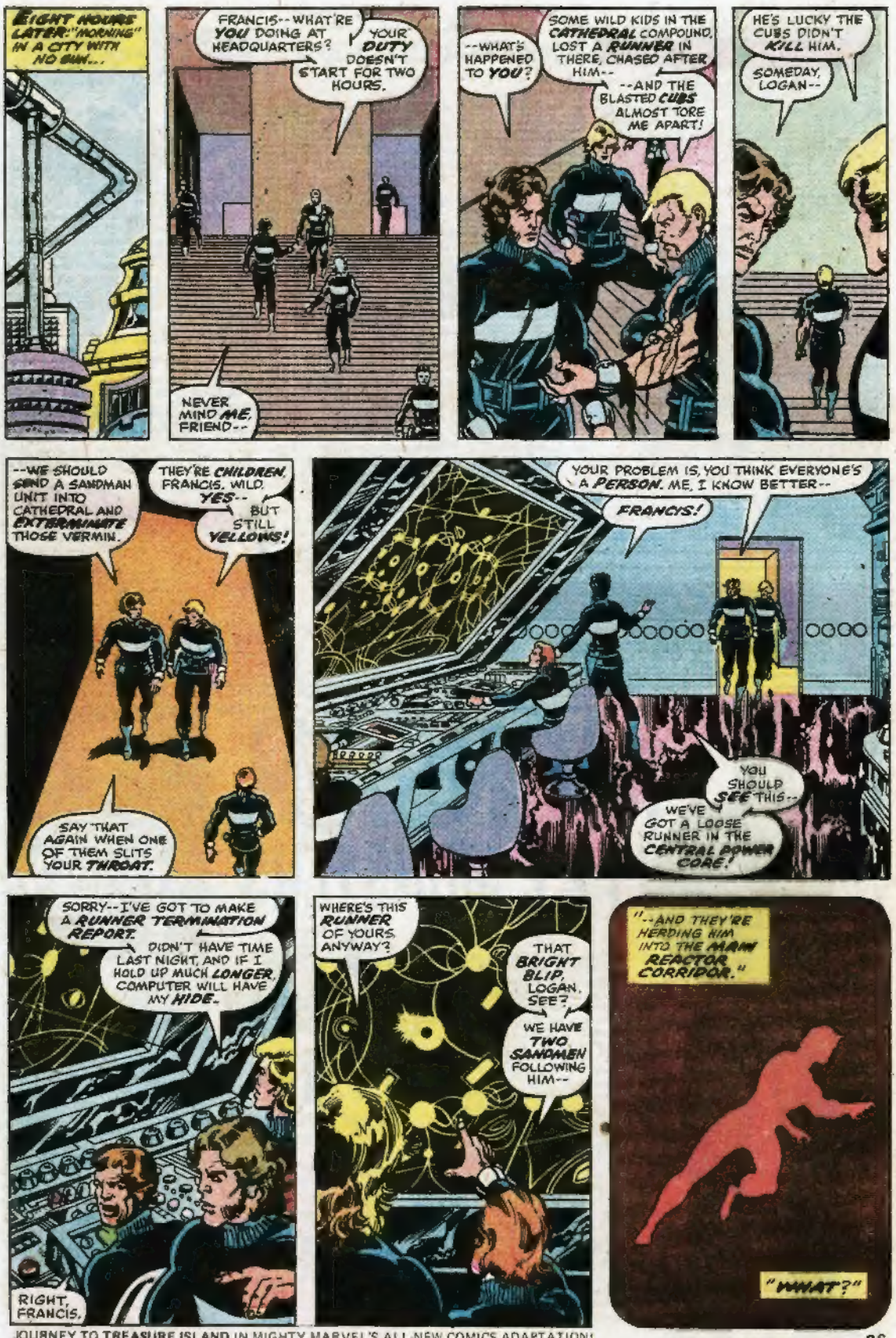
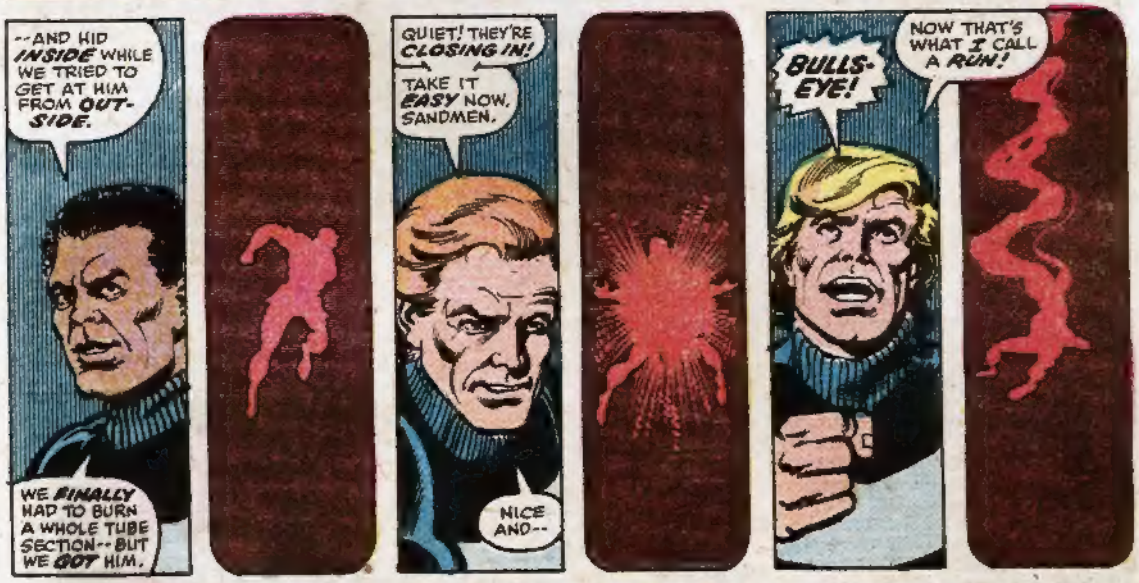
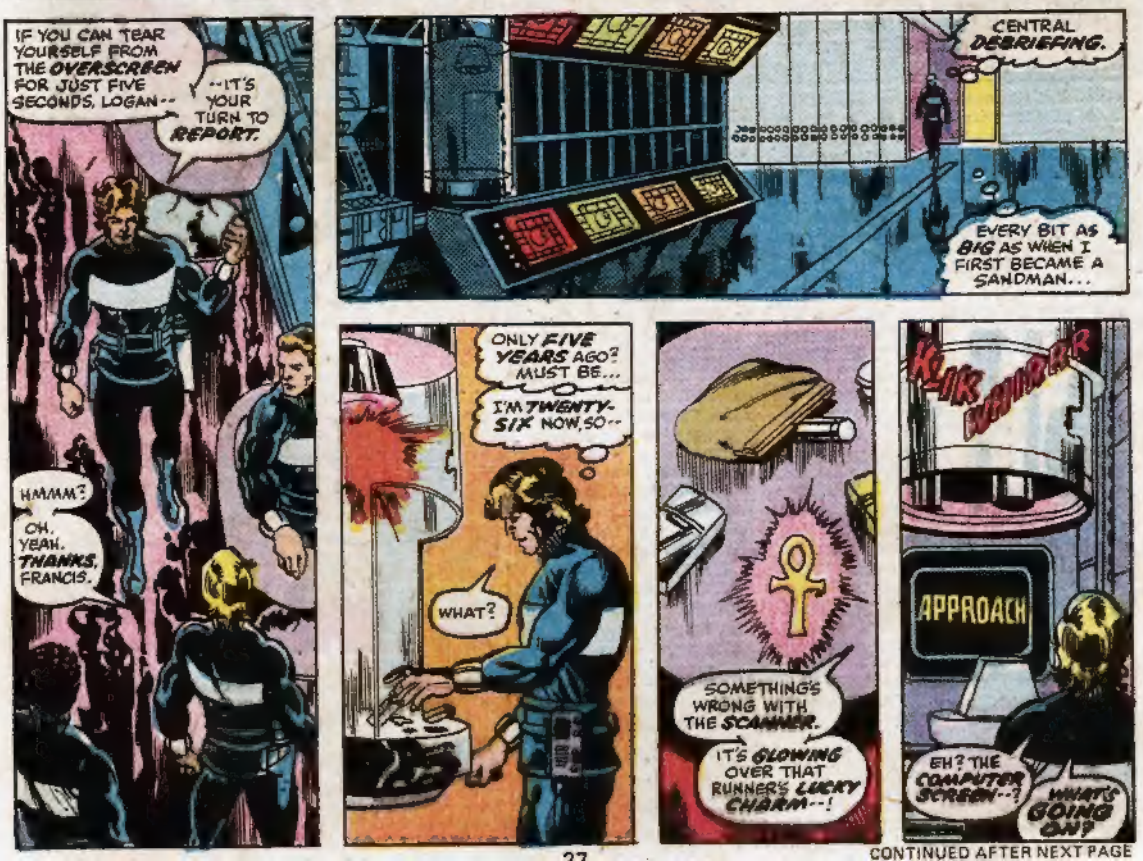

EIGHT HOURS LATER: "MORNING" IN A CITY WITH NO SUN...
FRANCIS--WHAT'RE YOU DOING AT HEADQUARTERS?
YOUR DUTY DOESN'T START FOR TWO HOURS.
NEVER MIND ME, FRIEND--
--WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
SOME WILD KIDS IN THE CATHEDRAL COMPOUND LOST A RUNNER IN THERE, CHASED AFTER HIM--
--AND THE BLASTED CUBS ALMOST TORE ME APART!
HE'S LUCKY THE CUBS DIDN'T KILL HIM.
SOMEDAY, LOGAN--
--WE SHOULD SEND A SANDMAN UNIT INTO CATHEDRAL AND EXTERMINATE THOSE VERMIN.
THEY'RE CHILDREN, FRANCIS. WILD.
YES-- BUT STILL YELLOWS!
SAY THAT AGAIN WHEN ONE OF THEM SLITS YOUR THROAT.
YOUR PROBLEM IS, YOU THINK EVERYONE'S A PERSON. ME, I KNOW BETTER--
FRANCIS!
YOU SHOULD SEE THIS--
WE'VE GOT A LOOSE RUNNER IN THE CENTRAL POWER CORE!
SORRY--I'VE GOT TO MAKE A RUNNER TERMINATION REPORT.
DIDN'T HAVE TIME LAST NIGHT, AND IF I HOLD UP MUCH LONGER, COMPUTER WILL HAVE MY HIDE.
RIGHT, FRANCIS.
WHERE'S THIS RUNNER OF YOURS, ANYWAY?
THAT BRIGHT BLIP, LOGAN. SEE?
WE HAVE TWO SANDMEN FOLLOWING HIM--
"--AND THEY'RE HERDING HIM INTO THE MAIN REACTOR CORRIDOR."
"WHAT?"

HE'LL FRY ALIVE IN THERE! EVEN IF THE SANDMEN DON'T GET HIM--
--THE RADIATION WILL!
THAT'S MEAN, FELLAS, THAT'S REALLY MEAN.
I REMEMBER ONE RUNNER WHO LASTED ALMOST TWO DAYS.
HE FOUND A WAY INTO THE MAZE CAR TUBES--


--AND HID INSIDE WHILE WE TRIED TO GET AT HIM FROM OUT-SIDE.
WE FINALLY HAD TO BURN A WHOLE TUBE SECTION--BUT WE GOT HIM.
QUIET! THEY'RE CLOSING IN!
TAKE IT EASY NOW, SANDMEN.
NICE AND--
BULLS-EYE!
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A RUN!


IF YOU CAN TEAR YOURSELF FROM THE OVERSCREEN FOR JUST FIVE SECONDS, LOGAN--
--IT'S YOUR TURN TO REPORT.
HMMM?
OH, YEAH. THANKS, FRANCIS.
CENTRAL DEBRIEFING.
EVERY BIT AS BIG AS WHEN I FIRST BECAME A SANDMAN...
ONLY FIVE YEARS AGO? MUST BE...
I'M TWENTY-SIX NOW, SO--
WHAT?
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE SCANNER.
IT'S GLOWING OVER THAT RUNNER'S LUCKY CHARM--!
KLIK KLIK KLIK
APPROACH
EH? THE COMPUTER SCREEN--?
WHAT'S GOING ON?

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

NEVER HEARD OF THIS HAPPENING BEFORE...
IS IT SOMETHING I'VE DONE? SOMETHING ABOUT THE RUNNER'S PROPERTY...?
IDENTIFY
I'M SWEATING... I'M ACTUALLY FRIGHTENED!
HAVE TO PLACE MY LIFE-CLOCK ON THE IDENTIFICATION DISC--
LOGAN-5 IDENTITY APPROVED
THAT'S GOOD... BUT NOW WHAT?
OBJECT OCCURS IN NON-RANDOM PATTERN AND FREQUENCY LINKED WITH OBSOLETE WORD: SANCTUARY. PROBABLE EXISTENCE ESTABLISHED. QUESTION. IDENTIFY OBJECT?
NEGATIVE. IT BELONGED TO A RUNNER I KIL-- TERMINATED.
QUESTION: WHAT IS IT?
PRE-MILLENNIAL SYMBOL NAME: ANKH.
SANCTUARY: CODE WORD PRE-MILLENNIAL RELIGIOUS DENOTING PLACE OF IMMUNITY
IMMUNITY? FROM WHAT--?
US?
SANCTUARY NOW MATHEMATICALLY RELATED TO UNACCOUNTED CITIZENS NUMBERING 1056
OBJECT ANKH ASSOCIATED WITH UNNACCOUNTED CITIZENS NUMBERING 1056
CONCLUSION: SANCTUARY EXISTENT... RUNNER GOAL.
1056 PEOPLE UNACCOUNTED FOR? BUT THAT-- THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
WE COULDN'T HAVE LOST SO MANY--
QUESTION: MAYBE THEY WEREN'T ALL RUNNERS? MAYBE MOST OF THEM REACHED RENEWAL ON CARROUSEL?
NEGATIVE: UNACCOUNTED CITIZENS NUMBER 1056
BUT-- QUESTION: DIDN'T SOME OF THEM REACH RENEWAL? SOME?

ANSWER: ZERO. UNACCOUNTED CITIZENS NUMBER 1056.
LOGAN-5 ASSIGNED TO LOCATE SANCTUARY AND REPORT.
AUTHORIZATION TO PENETRATE CITY SEALS
SANCTUARY... FIND... AND DESTROY
WAIT! ANSWER ME!
DOES ANYONE RENEW?
ASSIGNMENT SECRET.
LOGAN-5 TRANSFER TO RUNNER SEEKING SANCTUARY
A RUNNER--?
BUT I CAN'T BE A RUNNER! I'M ONLY TWENTY-SIX... I'VE GOT FOUR YEARS UNTIL MY LIFE-CLOCK STARTS BLINKING!
HOW CAN I--
MMMM
MMMM
MY LIFE-CLOCK!
WHAT'VE YOU DONE TO IT?
LIFE-CLOCK ALTERED
TAKE OBJECT WITH YOU
WHAT ABOUT MY FOUR YEARS?
DO I GET THEM BACK?
COMPUTER! COMPUTER--
--DO I GET THEM BACK?
SLOWLY, LIKE A MAN MORTALLY WOUNDED, LOGAN STANDS; THEN, SLOWLY, HE TURNS; AND, SLOWLY AT FIRST...
...HE BEGINS TO RUN.
JESSICA SHE WORE AN ANKH LIKE THIS!
HAVE TO FIND HER--
--THEN FIND SANCTUARY! BECAUSE, IF WHAT THE COMPUTER SAID IS TRUE--NO ONE RENEWS!
WHICH MEANS--MY WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN A LIE!
IN THE ENTIRE CITY--
--I'M THE ONLY MAN WHO KNOWS THE TRUTH!
NOT JUST FOR MY SAKE--BUT FOR EVERY-ONE'S--I'VE GOT TO SURVIVE!
I'VE GOT TO! I'VE GOT TO!
NEXT ISSUE:
PART TWO TAKES OFF WITH A TALE TITLED--
CATHEDRAL KILL!